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Southeast News.

The Southeast Missouri drummers are holding their annual meeting at Caruthersville this week.

Clarkton Gazette.

John Criss, age 55, was instantly killed on the ditch right of way about two miles north of Clayport last Friday by a falling tree. He left a widow and two married daughters.

Complaints come from many directions in this part of the state in regard to the ravages of the fly in the growing wheat, and while the acreage is probably the largest in a number of years, the damage done by these pests will cause the yield to fall far below what it ought to have been.

Benton Democrat.

Deputy U. S. Marshal Orchard took the seven men charged with night riding to St. Louis Friday to answer to the Federal court for sending threatening letters thru the mail. Following is the list: J. H. Underwood, R. H. Harris, Ed Martin, Shep Bryant, George Jackson, John Linder and Tom Lindsey. The oldest of the men is Harris, who is reputed to be the leader of the organization.

J. A. Baynes, merchant and postmaster at Kennedy, on the river about 18 miles above Caruthersville, says the Democrat was murdered and his place of business looted of money and merchandise. Baynes' body was probably taken some distance and sunk in the stream, as it could not be found and one of his skiffs was missing and other circumstantial evidence indicates that this is the way they hid it. There is no clue to the perpetrator's of the horrible deed.

Fredericktown Democrat-Mews.

A few weeks ago we published an account of the death of a 28-year-old mare belonging to Mr. Kessler of the German neighborhood. We also made mention of the number of colts she brought to her owner and we thought the record could scarcely be beaten. But here is another Ed Cook, who lives on Mouser's creek below Marquand, has a 9-year-old mare that has had six colts, five mares and one horse. Mr. Cook has sold four of the colts for \$30.00 each and owns the other two yet. Now this is a record for productiveness that will be hard to surpass and if our readers have a better horse story than the two we have printed, let's have them.

Perryville Sun.

The five-year-old son of Chas. Yamnitz and wife at Brewer, Mo., was kicked by a horse and probably fatally injured. The boy, as we have been told, was playing with a dog near where the horse was grazing, and the dog would occasionally make a dash for the horse's hind leg and of course the horse kicked. The unfortunate boy, according to our information, when near the horse, hit him with a stick or whip, and the horse kicked, striking him in the forehead, crushing the skull. Several small pieces of bone were taken out, and a small portion of the brain has been oozing from the wound. Dr. Barks was quickly summoned and gave the boy the best possible treatment, and while the chances for his recovery are slim, still he is alive, and may recover.

Poplar Bluff Citizen-Democrat.

Mrs. Nora Gibson and her one and a half year old baby boy, George, were killed three quarters of a mile east of Harviell on Sunday evening in a terrible storm, which swept over that vicinity, during which a heavy limb was broken loose from a tree, falling on the pair. The ill-fated mother and babe were riding in a buggy with their husband and father, who escaped without injury. The Gibsons had been visiting with

friends all Sunday and had started to drive to their home when a storm came up. The strong wind that assumed almost the proportions of a hurricane, broke off a limb of a tree along the road. Considerable damage was done throughout the Harviell vicinity. The mother was killed instantly, while the babe lived about an hour. The remains of the two were laid to rest together in the Bay Springs cemetery this afternoon.

Dunklin Democrat.

People say they hardly ever saw such a prospect for a crop. Wheat is not quite so good as last year, but most is good and some is exceptionally fine. The nicest field we have seen is just north of town on the farm of Mr. Wetherholt. Corn looks fine. The best piece we have seen is Jim Harper's. He has some that will soon do to lay by. Oats is generally short on account of the dry spring and most meadows are spotted on account of dry weather last year. But on the whole, prospects are very bright.

THAT SMALL COLLEGE

(By Rev. William P. Pearce.)

In our complex educational system, the small college is absolutely indispensable. In many respects it gives a better chance to the poorer class of students, brings one into closer fellowship with teachers and the taught, and tends to a greater thoroughness in work.

DOORS CLOSED

Some small colleges have had to close their doors during the last year. Various reasons may be given—the influence of larger schools, stringency of the times caused by the European war, and the short-cut route of High school students in taking a commercial course in one of the many so called "business colleges."

PROPHESY FAILED

It was prophesied, or at least hinted that a certain small college in southeast Missouri had little chance to exist. Competition with nearby and larger schools—especially the State Normal, would eventually compel it to close its doors; but that school is still on terra firma with a stronger faith, and a brighter hope for the coming year than before.

CLEAR OF DEBT

This small college in spite of the hard times, installed a fine lighting system, paid its teachers in full, and closed the school-year free of debt. At the board meeting and the alumni banquet, more than one thousand dollars was pledged to aid in the support of another needed teacher for the coming year.

GRADUATES AT THE HELM

This small college is doing great work for miles around. How many of its graduates have posts of honor the writer does not know, but he can place his finger on five important towns in whose pulpits are graduates of this school, say nothing of the teachers and principals who are instructing the youth in the public schools. One of the prominent professors in the State University of Missouri came out of "that small college."

LACK OF APPRECIATION

Unfortunately our Baptist churches which surround this small college do not fully appreciate its worth. While individual Baptists have given, I do not recall of a single church in southeast Missouri which has sent a contribution to it this year. If the faculty which has sacrificed so nobly should step out and close the doors, a loud expression of sympathy would arise. If some incendiary should burn its halls a cry of indignation would be heard. But, is it not possible to close its doors and destroy its influence by a criminal indifference on the part of our churches who boast of being the custodians of the truth.

BAPTISTS' BIGGEST ASSET

This small college is southeast

Missouri's biggest asset to the Baptists. It is a religious school. Its environments for health, the simple life, and a high morality cannot be surpassed. Some good schools have bad surroundings. This has not. There is not a saloon nor a questionable place within its precincts. The situated in a county seat, not a prisoner has been incarcerated in the county jail for a criminal offense in ten years, and not a prisoner from this county can be found in the state penitentiary for a like violation of the law.

COMMENCEMENT EXERCISES

The writer attended the commencement exercises of this small college, and preached the baccalaureate sermon and delivered an address to the graduates—as fine a looking class of young ladies and gentlemen as ever walked out of any hall of education. The exercises preceding and succeeding that Sunday were of the highest order. Essays and orations were fit for the columns of our leading periodicals. Around the tables at the alumni banquet sat a hundred of appreciative graduates and friends, some of whom came a long distance to enjoy the associations of their Alma Mater.

WILL MAYFIELD COLLEGE

"That small college" is Will Mayfield College at Marble Hill—a college which commemorates the departed son of the distinguished Dr. and Mrs. W. H. Mayfield of St. Louis—a couple of the school's most consecrated and gifted supporters.

MY PLEA

Much as the writer would like to give the details of the commencement exercises, to eulogize President Hendricks and his co-educators, he must close with a plea to Baptists of southeast Missouri to "line up" and "cough up" and "back up" this seat of education whose influence is being thrown all over that corner of the state. More students and more money will make "That Small College" a benediction to the great commonwealth of Missouri.

Appleton, Wisconsin.

Eighty-five Corn Growers Have Entered Race

The Corn Acre Yield contest, conducted by the State Normal school, Cape Girardeau, closes June 1. Twenty-three counties are now represented. Stoddard and Franklin being tied for the greatest number of contestants. Reports from over the district show the corn to be in the best of condition. Some corn in the lower counties is already laid by. Everywhere the corn has had several cultivations and indications are good that the former high yield of 99 bushels on one acre will be broken.

The following contestants have already entered from Bollinger county: Elmer Sitze, Gipsy, Ernest Farnsworth, Marble Hill, Rosewell Bess, Dongola, Charley Baker, Lutesville.

No letter bearing a later postmark than June 1 will be received. The cash prizes range up to \$50.00 for the highest yield in the district. One scholarship is given in each county. Stoddard and Butler counties have each offered \$50.00 extra if the highest yield is made in their counties.

Send name, age and address to SETH BABCOCK, Department of Agriculture, State Normal School.

The Courage of the Newspaper

Once in a while somebody gets the idea that the reason the local paper does not report every scandal that comes to public knowledge is because the publisher is afraid. That's not the reason. The reputable newspaper, especially in a small town where everyone is a neighbor to everyone else, takes no delight in giving publicity to those things that have brought disgrace to some family or heartache to some wife or

mother. It is much more pleasant to record the good things that happen, to tell about the incidents that tend to make life more endurable and that uplift rather than tear down, that bring joy instead of sorrow, pride instead of heartache. So if you don't always find in The Journal the delectable bit of gossip that would doubtless make "good reading," and if you are inclined to blame the editor because he doesn't print all the news," consider that some home has had enough worry over unfortunate happenings and that the gossips and scandal mongers of the community can and will gladly and ghoulishly give sufficient publicity to the details to satisfy the lowest tastes. Incidentally, it might be remarked here that the most complaint of censored news comes from people who have now or have had in their lives some things they are very glad were not given newspaper publicity. There come times, of course, when it is the definite business of the local newspaper to speak right out in meeting, to tell what happened, to give open publicity to conditions that are a reproach to a community and for which the light of publicity seems the only cure. Tolerance is not a lack of courage. — Wayne County Journal.

Auto Accommodations at Missouri State Fair

More and more Missouri is coming to be a state of automobiles and while the horse is featured at the Missouri State fair at Sedalia as at no other fair in the union, because of Missouri's supremacy in the saddle ring, yet the automobile is not overlooked in the State fair plans.

The State fair board has authorized the construction of a subway under the race track at the fair grounds so as to enable the management to utilize the centerfield of the big race track for automobile parking purposes, thus, the horse and his speedy competitor will both be accommodated and cared for during the races at the State fair and the persons who motor to Missouri's big annual exposition September 25 to October 2 will find fine parking space at their disposal when they reach the fair grounds. It will be possible to watch the speed events from automobiles with good advantage under the new plan.

Modern Fence Building

Farmers who attend the Missouri State fair at Sedalia, September 25 to October 2 will, see the most practical demonstration of fence making that Missouri has ever attempted, despite the fact that the state had only the utilitarian features of the construction in view when the new enclosure around the fair grounds was devised. It is not only horse high, bull strong and pig proof, but it is boy proof, too, for it was designed to be unclimbable. It means that several hundred dollars in revenue is to be added to the gate receipts because of its unclimbability for there will be no "crawling under the canvas" at the State fair grounds this fall. The best of material, including steel posts and the most modern construction, were used in this, the state's model fence.

In Memory

Of Annie Bennett Hawn, who was born near Patton, Mo., in 1879, died at her home, 714 N. Choctaw ave., El Reno, Okla., May 11, 1915; was married to Charley W. Hawn, May 7, 1904, who was called to rest July 25, 1913. She leaves one little daughter, Beulah, age 9 years, several brothers, sisters, relatives and friends in Missouri, one sister, Mrs. Rosa Berry, of Olathe, Colo., one brother, Sidney Bennett of El Reno and her father and mother-in-law, Mr. and Mrs. J. D. Hawn, with whom she made her home until her death. Annie was converted and began

her Christian life when but a young girl. We do not weep for her as one for whom we have no hope, for her faith was so manifest during her illness, especially the last days.

She lived here on earth in our home just as an immortal soul. Her last days were so beautiful. Her voice was so sweet when speaking to her friends and of her going away, but her suffering was so great. It was so much harder to see her suffer those last few days than it was when we saw her pass through the valley of the shadow, for we felt there was no shadow for her, no chilly waters. She fell asleep so calmly, so sweetly, just as the evening was fading into night. And she had suffered so patiently. No one, only those who were so near her in the last moments could realize how sweet and beautiful such death could be. Now her place is vacant in the home. It is so hard to know she is gone from us, to be parted from her darling little girl, she loved so dearly.

On the morning of May 13, by her request, the funeral service was held from the home by her pastor and Woodmen Circle, of which order she was a beloved member. We laid her away in a beautiful ivory casket more than covered with lovely flowers from loving friends whom we will always hold dear in our memories for their kindness and help all through our troubles. May God's richest blessings rest on them all.

COMMUNICATED.

Obituary

May 15, Saturday 6:30 p. m. A. J. Montgomery died of apoplexy which caused paralysis in his right side.

Mr. Montgomery was born June 22, 1848, was a reasonably strong man until about a month ago. He leaves a wife, one daughter, two sons, eleven grandchildren, 2 sisters and two brothers and a host of friends to mourn his departure.

His body was laid to rest Sunday at 2 p. m. in the Pine Hill cemetery in the presence of a large congregation. Funeral services were conducted by our pastor, Rev. J. L. Finley.

Mr. Montgomery united with the Baptist church a number of years ago of which he was always a faithful member.

He was an Odd Fellow and the burial was conducted by the lodge, of which he was an esteemed member.

Rest in peace your course is ended. Rest in peace your work is done. You are gone and your loved ones will join you in that heavenly home where partings are no more.

A FRIEND.

Obituary

Grandma Corbin was called from this life April 5, 1915, to join the loved ones gone before. She professed faith in Christ and united with the Baptist church at Owensburg, Ind., when 30 years of age and was ever loyal to her church and a devout Christian. She was 82 years, 1 month and 13 days of age.

Mother had been in poor health about a year, but bore her suffering with much patience, meekly waiting for the time of her departure. She wanted us to accompany her to the glory land. She made her home for fifteen years with her daughter, Mrs. J. I. Wiggins, near Greenbrier.

She leaves two daughters, two sons, W. F. Corbin of Zalma and F. M. of Little Rock, Ark., Mrs. C. E. Holland, of Fort Worth, Tex., Mr. J. I. Wiggins, Greenbrier, Mo., one brother and three sisters, Jerry Hatfield, Marian Edington, Janira Ascraft and Elzie Record of Owensburg, Ind., thirty grandchildren and forty-six great-grandchildren to mourn her departure. It was sad to part with mother. We miss her sweet face so much, but God saw best to call her home. The golden gate was open

and a gentle voice said come and with farewell unspoken, she calmly entered the home prepared for her by the "Man of Galilee."

She was laid to rest in the Greenbrier cemetery in the presence of a large congregation of relatives and friends, where she will sleep, but not forever.

Farewell, mother, I will meet you in that city where the shining streets are gold and live with you forever where the pearly gates unfold.

By HER DAUGHTER.

A DRUDGE

In every town there are always a few women who are the drudges for all the other women in the town. These self-appointed drudges do all the work at the church social, in the lodges, sewing societies, clubs etc., and the rest of the women hold the offices, wear the badges and reap all the glory. It is never the drudges who start the racket in the societies. It is always the ones who can find nothing else to do. The drudges are always so busy they have no time to kick up a fuss. The patient drudges are not well paid in this world. The other women leave their compensation to the Lord. When we are in the great hereafter and stand in amazement watching the great throngs go by, occasionally we will see an angel larger than the others pass by in shimmering robes of gold and silver with a crown glittering from its thousands of jewels and a voice of limpid sweetness, we will know what it was on earth. A drudge.—Osborne County Farmer.

REVENGE

"Don't you care for any postcards today?" asked a postal clerk, as he handed the man the stamp he had requested.

"No, not today," said the man.

"Or some stamped envelopes? We have some new ones."

"No, thank you."

"Would you like a money order?"

"No."

"Or perhaps you would like to open a postal savings account?"

"I do not."

"Then let me advise you to rent one of our letter boxes."

But the man had fled.

"Who was that fellow, and why did you ask him all those questions?" asked a fellow clerk.

"That," said the other clerk, "is my barber. For years when he has shaved me he has bothered me with recommendations of massages, shampoos, hair cuts and hair tonics. I am even with him.—New York Times.

Coming Down to Language

At a dinner the other evening the talk topic turned to a bunch of things difficult to pronounce, whereat an appropriate anecdote was exploded by Congressman Edwin Y. Webb of North Carolina.

Down at the cigar store some time ago, the congressman said, the regulars were talking about the war and remarking how it gave one something worse than the faceache to pronounce the Russian names. A man named Benners, who was sitting near, largely smiled.

"Those Russian names are nothing," he remarked. "You just ought to hear what I stack up against in my own home every day of my life."

"What's that?" demanded one of the regulars, with an amazed expression. "Do you mean to say that you have somebody in your family who can put a kink in the czar's syllabic twists?"

"Well, I should say that I have!" was the grateful rejoinder of Benners. "You just ought to hear the baby and the parrot when they get to talking to—gether." — Philadelphia Telegraph.